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MARVEL PRESENTS THE EAGLE AWARD-WINNING...

MARVEL #9 September 1985

Captain BRITAIN

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50P

**INSIDE THE
CHERUB
HURRICANE**





An attack of wind provides us with an ambiguous beginning to *Captain Britain* Monthly, Number Nine.

The ambiguity ends, though, when we discover the attack is from The Cherubim, brought to Braddock Manor by the Resources Control Executive as an emergency reserve force. These powerful mutants, children of the Jaspers' Reality Warp, have been inadvertently released by Meggan, herself a mutant, undergoing a startling metamorphosis. Meanwhile, the RCX, having failed in their attempts to persuade Captain Britain to join their ranks, are nothing if not opportunists. Their insidious presence cannot be ignored and, as the Captain goes to war with the Warpies, it's the RCX who take up the story of *The Winds Of Change*!

And the story behind that new top line on the cover is as follows. . . *Captain Britain* was recently voted Britain's Favourite New Comic in the Eagle Awards for 1984. Also collecting awards was the Captain's artist, Alan Davis, who richly deserves the title of Favourite Comics Artist for the same year.

Our congratulations to Alan, and our sincere thanks to everyone who voted for us.

Editor: Ian Rimmer • Assistant Editor: Simon Furman • Design: John Tomlinson • Art Asst: Richard Starkings • Production: Alison Gill and Jez Meteyard • Advertising: Sally Benson (01-221 1232)



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"GIGGLES HAS LED THE OFFENSIVE BY MANIPULATING LIGHT ENERGY PATTERNS."

"AND IF THE OTHERS FOLLOW RAPHAEL'S PROGRAMMING, GABRIEL, THEY WILL ATTACK IN THE CONFUSION."



"QUILL IS ONE OF NATURE'S BRAWLERS, WITH THE UNIQUE ADVANTAGE OF A COVERING OF SILICON BARBS..."



"... AND RAZOR SHARP TALONS."



"FERN IS THE GROUP'S TAD BABY, NOT REALLY HUMAN AT ALL..."



"...JUST A MASS OF VASCULAR CRYPTOGAM."



"AC-DC ARE OUR SHOCKING SIAMESE TWINS. ONE POSITIVELY POLARISED, THE OTHER NEGATIVELY..."



"...QUITE A CHARGE IF THEY TOUCH YOU TOGETHER."



"AND LAST, IF BY NO MEANS LEAST, LUMP."



"WHO CAN CONFRONT YOU WITH YOUR MOST FEARED NIGHTMARES."



"YES, MICHAEL, A REMARKABLE ABILITY WHICH I FEAR WILL ONLY AGGRAVATE THE SITUATION IN THIS INSTANCE."



"AND I'M NOT WISHING TO BE PEDANTIC, BUT YOU'VE OMITTED THE GROUP'S MOST DANGEROUS MEMBERS FROM YOUR COMMENTARY CATALOGUE."



"WELL, WE SOON POLISHED THEM OFF."



"BRIAN! HOW CAN YOU GLOAT? THEY'RE CHILDREN!"

"YEAH, AND HERE COME THEIR PLAYMATES."

"AH YES, THE PSYCHONIC QUINTET."

Captain BRITAIN

WINDS OF CHANGE



JAMIE DELANO
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE HALFACREE
LETTERER
IAN RIMMER
EDITOR



HIGH ABOVE
THE CLOUDS
SHE BATHES
IN SILVER
MOONLIGHT...

TIME IS SLOW
IN THIS COLD,
ETHEREAL
WORLD...

SHE
SAVOURS
IT...

... THEN
DROPS...



... HER NEW BODY
HOWLING WITH
SHEER JOY.



TELL ME,
AH... JEEVES.
HOW DO YOU
FEEL ABOUT
THE Z.C.X.
LOCATING
HERE AT
BRADDOCK
MANOR?

I DO NOT FEEL
ANYTHING, SIR, BUT
I COMPUTE A GREAT
MANY ADVANTAGES
IN SUCH A SITUATION.



GOOD.
PERHAPS WE
CAN HAVE A
LITTLE CHAT
THEN...

SOUNDS A
BIT ROUGH UP
THERE, DOESN'T
IT, MA ?

IT'LL BE
THEM, BLASTED
LANDMINES, I
EXPECT...





SUDDENLY, THERE IS NO MORE WIND.

EVERYTHING IS STILL.



C'EST FORMIDABLE...

IT LOOKS LIKE PICK-UP-THE-PIECES TIME.



DEAD... SHE'S WIPED THEM OUT.

YEAH... THE PROVERBIAL FALLEN ANGEL. WHO IS SHE?



MEGGAN! YOU DID IT. YOU CHANGED.

MEGGAN?!

YES, SHE'S GROWN UP... REALISED HER POTENTIAL.

POTENTIAL?

YES, AS I TRIED TO TELL YOU — BETWEEN ALIEN VISITATIONS AND DRUNKEN SULKES.

HER APPEARANCE AS A WEREBEAST WAS A STATE FORCED ON HER BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS OF HER PEOPLE BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE TRUE SCALE OF HER POWERS.

ER...

NOW SHE DOES.

HOW DO YOU FEEL, MEGGAN?

HMM... I...

I'M NOT SURE...



AT FIRST
IT HURT... THE
CHILDREN THEY
TRIED TO POSSESS
ME WITH THEIR
ANGER.

BUT NOW
I FEEL... WARM...
TINGLING...

MMM
WONDERFUL.

AND... OH
NO, DID I DO
THAT?



THIS
MUTANT'S POWER IS
INCREDIBLE...
SHE MUST BE
RESTRAINED...

OR ELIMINATED, WE
CAN'T RISK ANOTHER
JASPERS.

YOU STAY
AWAY FROM HER!
YOU'RE THE CAUSE
OF ALL THIS!



I KNOW I DID
WRONGS, BUT I
COULDN'T HELP
MYSELF, I'VE
NEVER BEEN
SO STRONG
BEFORE.

I
UNDERSTAND.
I KNOW HOW
YOU FEEL.

OH BRIAN
I'M SCARED.
THEY ALL HATE
ME, I CAN
FEEL IT!

NO, MEGGAN,
IT'S NOT
THAT THEY
HATE YOU, BUT
THEY ARE
AFRAID...

...AFRAID
OF YOUR
POWER.



YOU WON'T LET THEM
TAKE ME AWAY, WILL
YOU? YOU WON'T LET
THEM HURT ME?

NO ONE CAN
HURT YOU NOW.
YOU'RE A MATCH
FOR THEM ALL.









SO GENTLEMEN,
DID YOU DO AS I
SUGGESTED?

YES, OUR
CONTACTS WERE
EXTREMELY HELPFUL.
THE NEWS SHOULD
BREAK SOON.



WITH THE CAPTAIN'S
SOMEWHAT INTRACTABLE
PRESENCE REMOVED WE
WILL BE ABLE TO DEVELOP
OUR INFLUENCE MUCH MORE
QUICKLY—WITH A FEMALE
CAPTAIN BRITAIN AS A
NATIONAL FIGUREHEAD.



...TO
ELIZABETH.

LONG MAY
SHE REIGN.



THE AUTHORITIES OF THE STATE
OF MBANGAWI, IN WHOSE TERRITORY
JAMIE BRADDOCK WAS LAST SEEN
DURING THE TRANS-AFRICAN RALLY,
HAVE PROMISED FULL CO-OPERATION
IN THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING
PLAYBOY RACING DRIVER...



...BUT SO
FAR THERE
IS NO
TRACE.



HULLO...?

JAMIE!
BUT...



BRIAN,
PLEASE—JUST
LISTEN...

... I DON'T KNOW WHY!
BUT THEY SEEM LIKE
SERIOUS PEOPLE AND THEY
SAY THAT IF YOU'RE NOT
HERE BY WEDNESDAY
THEY'RE GOING TO DO
SOMETHING SAVAGE AND
UNPLEASANT TO ME...

OKAY,
JAMIE, DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
BE THERE...

SO SIMPLE TO GUIDE
THEM. TO ALIGN THEM.
SUCH BASIC INTELLECT.
THEIR DESIRE FOR
TREASONRY IS
INNATE.



Next:

**African
Nightmare**



THICKER THAN WATER

by Steve Alan Illustrations by Jeff Anderson

He had been in the same seat for six minutes. He knew this because it always took six minutes from Acton Town to Earl's Court on the Piccadilly Line. In that six minutes, the old biddy had tried to make conversation on three separate occasions. From the corner of his eye, he saw her withered head

incline slightly towards him. It became apparent that she was to speak again.

"Don't think much of these new driver-operated trains, do you?" she said, in a thin, fluting voice that some might have found appealing. Hugh Renforth, ovening beneath his thick suit, was tired, irritable, bilious and had a blinding headache, the way he usually felt on Friday evenings. Unfortunately, this was Monday morning.

"I don't normally think any more than I have to at this time of day," he replied, with deadly emphasis.

"Well this is it," said the crone, who had evidently not been listening. "My friend, Beatrice was only saying the other day . . . Mrs Hoople, she says, and I says eee, I says . . ."

Renforth gave a short, explosive laugh.

Hoople? Hoople? HOOPLE?



"It's rude to laugh" said the old baggage, shooting him a glance redolent of smacked legs and confiscated pocket money.

"Do tell," Renforth replied petulantly.

She eyed him narrowly for a moment longer before bending to the elegantly patterned carpet bag at her feet. Her pale, thousand-year-old bird's claws tugged frantically at the fastenings, as her thin breath sawed in and out. Renforth began to pay particular attention to an advertisement concerning loft insulation.

"I wonder," said the hell-hag at length, "could you hold this for me?" Renforth flashed a murderous glance at the proffered thermos flask, oscillating horribly in her pipe-cleaner arm. Her entire head appeared to wrinkle in a smile, as wordlessly, Renforth snatched the flask, breathing heavily.

Suddenly (almost deliberately, it seemed), as he began to pour, she moved the cup. Greasy, scalding coffee gushed forth, and he belched as the flesh of his thigh began to broil.

"YOU . . . STUPID . . . OLD . . ."

"Oh you poor man," she flapped, "here, let me . . ."

"NO! GO AWAY FROM ME!"

The tube disgorged its passengers at Gloucester Road and Renforth fled, screaming.

It was some two minutes before he calmed himself, swabbing furiously at his damply fragrant suit with a packet of Dixels. As his breathing regulated he noted the now empty platform, luxuriating for a moment in the cool rush of tunnel air.

"Excuse me . . ."

Renforth swung, slack jawed and incredulous, to the tiny form of Lettie Hoople, who had been standing immediately behind him. He felt a further scream welling up from the depths of his immortal soul.

"You embarrassed me in front of all those people," Lettie Hoople said, smiling sweetly.

"You've got a bloody nerve . . ." began Renforth, but Lettie Hoople merely reached slowly and painfully for the elegantly patterned carpet bag at her feet. He stood, transfixed, as she produced an enormous meat cleaver and drew it high, high into the air, gleaming in the tungsten light. He had almost decided to move as she drove it home, splitting him asunder. Hugh Renforth crumpled softly into a pool of his own blood, an expression of some disbelief on both halves of his face.



Colin punched his alarm clock into the traditional corner of his room. Traditionally, it failed to stop ringing. He lay on his bed in the thirty-second year of his life, a marked man.

Colin's inexorable procession toward his own mortality had begun at the age of eight, in the family garden. He remembered the birdsong and warm summer air, as Father had scythed the tall, honey pale grass. Emerging, filthy with honest toil from the garden sandpit, Colin had not heard Father's cry. As he suddenly slipped, something heavy whistled past his head in a silvery rush. He remembered again how Father,

white, haunted, scythe-less, had looked at him. "Don't worry Col," he had said later. "The Gods must be saving ye for something pretty special." But that night Colin had woken, rigid and sweating, as the finger of the reaper touched his heart once, twice, three times. THOU. ART. MINE.

Trevor Hotchkiss smiled a gummy, red, unlovely smile as the tiny figure of Lettie Hoople entered the unnatural glare of Hotchkiss and Sons Butchers Elite. It was the old crumble again.

Trevor's unlovely smile was one of nostalgia. The old crumble was the



one who always took at least three minutes to get any money out of her purse; just like all the old crumbles he had interviewed with his spanner at the age of sixteen. "Demanding money with menaces," The Filth had called it. The spanner was gone now—probably still at the bottom of the canal—but they couldn't take Trevor's memories.

Sure enough, Lettie Hoople's palsied old hands began to judder periously, one clutching the purse, the other making frantic swoops for the clasp. "I'd like a nice piece o' lean steak, please," she trilled, purple eyelids fluttering behind her bifocals.

Trevor Hotchkiss sniffed juicily as a cloud of demonic cunning passed slowly across his unshapely face. He crossed to the back of the shop, emerging moments later with a paper bag.

"Pahnd sixty to you, doll," he said, slapping it under her nose.

"Eee, we'll enjoy these things while we can, won't we?" was Lettie Hoople's baffling response as she clattered coins across the counter. A mummified hand snatched the package, but she made no move to leave

the shop. Trevor watched the palimpsest of crowsfeet mesh and unmesh as she peered myopically into the bag.

"Oh dear," she said. "I don't think this can be right..." She drew an object out of the wrapping. It was a complete slice of fat.

"Sorry luv — leanest steak we've got," said Trevor, suddenly wracked with coarse, snorting laughter.

Lettie Hoople eyed him gravely across twin seas of rheum. "I should report you to the police," she said, shuffling around the side of the counter.

"I'll do my cryin' in the rain," said Trevor, beaming hugely. "No," said Lettie Hoople, seizing him with surprising strength. "You'll do your crying in the bacon slicer." Seconds later, he did.

Colin stood at his window with the teapot, casting the previous night's teabags into space with practised ease. Both caught in the branches of the tree opposite. That made five — surely the most he'd ever kept up there in one go. However, even this prodigious feat failed to leaven his

mood. It was Monday; a high risk day because he had to walk a full three-quarters of a mile along Ecclesbourne Road, to the Supplementary Benefit Offices. Even this relatively minor excursion, Colin knew, was fraught with untold dangers. A car might mount the pavement. The entire Supplementary Benefit Office might plummet into a disused mineshaft. Or someone might drop something deceptively innocent from a high-rise window. (Colin had once read that a hamburger, dropped from the top-most floor of the Empire State Building, would almost certainly shatter the pavement upon impact.) Then there were the murders. Perhaps it was coincidence, but for every month of his thirty-two-year-old life, it seemed, there had been a horrible murder somewhere close by. Death haunted him, clung to him like a miasma. He shuddered slightly. He was the Titanic — and somewhere, somewhere close and coming inexorably closer, was the iceberg.

SPLUDI SPLUDI FRIBBLE! FRIBBLE!

For Clifford Whalebank Monday morning was bath time, and also the time when he would attempt to sink his Airfix aircraft carrier in an unusual manner. He fanned the fumes with a loofah as the last bubbles died and Ark Royal sailed bravely into neutral waters. "Ah, the cruel sea," Clifford chuckled fondly, unleashing another salvo.

There was a metallic rattling from downstairs; a key turning in the front door. Clifford ran a hand over his bald pate, frowning mightily. The new cleaning lady, perhaps? "Thought she came on Fridays," he mused, idly watching the ebb and flow of his paunch in the grey water.

"Mrs Hoople?" he called. There was no answer and Clifford, after frowning for a short while longer, diverted his attention to the Ark Royal. ED! WARD! WOOD! WARD!

It was some thirty-five minutes before Clifford emerged from the bath and he had, by this time, forgotten the cleaning lady entirely. Leaving Ark Royal listing badly in a choppy sea, he swathed his copious bulk in towels, swaying happily from the bathroom.

"It's rude to break wind," said a tiny, tinkling voice from somewhere above. Clifford Whalebank dropped his towels with a fletsetto squeal.

"Who...? What...? Where...?" There was no reply. Trembling to a crouch, he retrieved the towels. "M-Mrs Hoople?" His only reply was an almost palpable silence. He began to



shuffle, quivering, toward the great oak airing cupboard. "Mrs Hoople?" He began to ease it gently open.

The last thing Clifford Whalebank noticed as the dark, bat-like form of Lettie Hoople hurtled toward him was the way her top set of teeth fell away from the roof of her mouth, as she screamed and salivated in unholy glee. Then the flashing cleaver blinded him forever in a red, screaming mist. Behind him in the bathroom, Ark Royal up-ended and sank.

Bathtime also held its share of fathomless horrors for Colin, who stood, poleaxed with fright in his own bathroom doorway, eyeing the gargantuan spider now scuttling hideously about his own tub. How in hell did anything that big get in without breaking a window? He sidled warily around the bath, cautiously reaching

for the taps as the dry brown egg of the spider's bulk gently pulsed. There was a sudden rush of water, a flurry of legs, and Colin was only partially certain he had heard the creature roar as it disappeared forever. It might, of course, have been poisonous, he thought. Mulling over this possibility, Colin allowed himself a mirthless smile as he swaggered from the bathroom.

Outside the baker's beneath Colin's flat, Greg Tyrell eyed the smoking hot steak and kidney pie he had just bought with the last remaining forty pence of his student overdraft. As such, it represented a considerable investment, and Greg was particularly hungry.

He snatched a bite at the pie, and immediately a scalding cascade of molten gravy, gristle and very little else coated most of his clothing, gathering in a molten pool about his ankles. He stared disbelievingly into the empty shell of pastry as Lettie Hoople appeared before him, cleaver poised.

"You've made a mess," she said, and proceeded to add to it.

In the flat above, Colin, now fully washed, shaved and dressed, prepared to run the gauntlet of Ecclesbourne Road. He was doomed, of course. The reaper lurked, warm and leprous with need, around a thousand corners. How many murderers had he passed, would he pass, in the street, unrecognised?

He heard the downstairs door open, and close. He heard the small, tapping footsteps, as someone mounted the stairs. TAP. TAP. TAP. He was the Titanic. Was this, at last, the iceberg?

TAP. TAP. TAP. Through the frosted glass of his door he saw a silhouette. Death. The Dark Destroyer. Time's Scythe. THOU . ART . MINE . He opened the door.

"Hello," said Lettie Hoople.

"Oh, hello, Mum," said Colin, laughing.

The End

All the latest UK/US comics news

SPEAKEASY

ONLY 35p

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X-MEN INTERVIEW

SPEAKEASY is the most informative MONTHLY

comics news source in the U.K. With its extremely wide coverage of both the U.S. and U.K. comics scene, it will keep you up to date with all the new series, what project top artists and writers are working on, plus a chance to see advance covers and promotional artwork. Every issue there is an interview with a top professional.

53 has a John Romita Jr./Dan Green cover (Bell) and an interview with the X-Men creative team.

54 features a discussion with Chris Claremont (writer X-Men) and Alan Moore (writer Swamp Thing, Captain Britain) on their different approaches to writing.

55 an exclusive interview with Neal Adams (ex-X-Men artist and publisher of Continuity Comics) who talks about his past work and the new comics coming from continuity.

Already completed are interviews with Joe Kubert, DC editor, who talks about his unique school for cartoonists. Colin Wilson the new artist on Lt. Blueberry the too French strip.

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The Mysterious

NIGHT-RAVEN

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY... UNDERWORLD LEADER, MR. BIG HAS HIRED AN ASSASSIN TO FINISH OFF NIGHT-RAVEN! AT THE SAME TIME, CAPTAIN DOYLE OF THE CITY POLICE IS ANXIOUS TO TRACK HIM DOWN... BUT IN AIDING THE VICTIM OF MUGGERS, NIGHT-RAVEN DISCOVERS THE "VICTIM" IS THE ASSASSIN HIMSELF...



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MISTER NIGHT-RAVEN... YOU'RE DONE FOR!

AT THAT MOMENT, DETECTIVE NOLAN TURNED THE CORNER INTO THE ALLEY... ON HIS WAY HOME FROM POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, HE HAD SPENT THE NIGHT TRACKING DOWN CLUES TO NIGHT-RAVEN'S IDENTITY...



NOLAN CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN HE'D BEEN LOOKING FOR...



TRAPPED BETWEEN THE POLICE AND THE ASSASSIN, NIGHT-RAVEN WAS HELPLESS ... BUT THEN HE TENSED HEARING FROM BEHIND A NOISE LIKE THE HAMMER OF A GUN BEING PULLED BACK...

NIGHT-RAVEN LEAPT ASIDE AS THE ASSASSIN'S GUN ROARED IN THE DARKNESS...





Next: End Of The Line?

Abslom Daak DALEK KILLER KILLER

Script: Steve Moore

Art: David Lloyd

ABSLON DAAK, DALEK-KILLER, AND PRINCE SALANDER HAVE FLED THE DRAGONIAN EMPIRE IN A PROTOTYPE ATTACK-SHIP THE KILL-WAGON. NOW THEY PICK THEIR WAY THROUGH A TURBULENT GALAXY, IN SEARCH OF A CREW...



TWO GUYS I WANT TO FIND. NAEMA, AN ICE-WARRIOR, AND VOL MERCURIUS, AN EARTHMAN...

WE'LL PICK UP NAEMA FIRST... HE'S CLOSEST...

WHERE IS HE?

IN PARADISE...

AND...

THERE YOU ARE, SALANDER... PARADISE!

A GREAT BIG, BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

FINEST FUN-HOUSE IN THE GALAXY...

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING HERE... ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING YOU WANT... SO LONG AS YOU CAN PAY THE PRICE...

YOU MEAN HE'S DEAD?

NO, I SHOULD'VE SAID ON PARADISE... IT'LL TAKE US A COUPLE OF DAYS TO GET THERE...

AND I HAVEN'T BEEN IN A HOT-SPOT LIKE THIS FOR FAR TOO LONG!

BUT AS THEY LEAVE THE SPACE-PORT...

DREAMS

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIND NAEMA... HE COULD BE ANYWHERE ON THE ENTIRE PLANET...?

WELL, OLD-FASH ALCOHOL

ENJOY!

SIMPLE... I ASK A POLICEMAN

NEBULO NITE

Rotagouse Burgers Mmm!





*Death
by Torture
is our
Specialty!*

TRYING TO
STAY ALIVE, YOU
BIG GEEK! I DIDN'T
ASK FOR THE CRUSHING!



IT'D BE REALLY
GOOD... BUT IT'S
A PROBLEM OF
HONOUR! I WORK
HERE UNDER CONTRACT.



I CAN'T... A
WARRIOR NEVER
BREAKS HIS CONTRACT
ABSOLUTELY...

YOU SHOULD
HAVE CALLED ME
OUTSIDE...



BECAUSE I'M
CONTRACT-BOUND
TO KILL EVERYONE
THAT WALKS THROUGH
THAT DOOR!



*Try Our
Funeral
Service!*



AH, THERE WE
GO... VERY EFFICIENT,
HARMMA IS...

WOW!



FUNNY... PEOPLE
DON'T USUALLY PUT
UP A STRUGGLE...

SLAM!



AH, ALL QUIET
NOW! IT'S OVER...

2



GIVE ME A
HAND WITH HIM,
SALLANDER...

I HAD TO HIT
HIM ON HIS WEAK
POINTS BEFORE HE'D
GO DOWN...

AND THEY'RE
KINDA HARD TO
FIND ON AN ICE
WARRIOR!



Captain Britain Communications

Our Address:

23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA, England.

Hiya People.

I'm back! Letter readers of Marvel beware! If you're expecting a moderately intelligent letter though, forget it - I can't write 'em!

Sunday morning, June 9th, I'm lying in bed staring at the digital clock. 10.45, let's see now - if I take about 40 minutes off that I should have the right time. Right, done that, what shall I do now to occupy myself? Ah yes, locating the floor should be fun. Second pass, God I'm bored! Looks as though I'll have to go down town, that's always good for a laugh - he lied. I trudge slowly down the high street, narrowly managing to avoid being knocked flat by a manic marathon runner, and slide unnoticed into the newsagents. There, the old eyeballs are pulled on to stalks by the sight of the latest stunning Captain Britain cover by Alan Davis. My mood lightens as I buy the mag with my remaining pennies and disappear home to read the best mag on the market (and I'm not crawling there).

Comments (please forgive the illiterate five-year-old type enthusiasm in the next sentence): Wow! Fab! Great! Magic! Cor! Lumme! Luva! The Best, the Poor old Cap, he really does seem to be having a bad time of it recently, and now this walking picture decides that he ought to be living CB's life for him. Add to that he finds out that Daddy's not even human, and his mind's bound to throw a wobbly. I was really pleased to see the return of Captain UK, although I don't trust this RCX lot at all - definitely dodgy. Mastermind is pretty sinister too, mind you, the fact that computers hate me might have something to do with my suspicions. The coming episodes of CB look set to be vitally important to the whole country. Eleven pages of Captain Britain a month just isn't enough - hell, fifty pages of CB a month isn't enough!

I hope a sequel to City is coming, it was brilliant. A 1950's private eye story set in the future - I loved it. And Space Thieves, not only is it funny, but the layouts are great too. I like a page that looks good and isn't just panel after panel, I'm looking forward to the next episode.

In closing, I'd just like to say that there appear to be more and more superheroes on letters pages these days - more specifically, 'Captains'! Ah well, I'm off to fight crime, vice, and general naughtiness. Bye! Captain Doodlebug, Linslade.

Ever find yourself lacking a reply some-times? We're just not sure what to do with letters like this. Send your suggestions, on a postcard...



Dear Jamie, Alan and Ian,

I have been an avid reader of Marvel comics for the past eight years, and have enjoyed many of the UK produced weekly and monthly magazines - from the first Captain Britain weekly to the X-Men reprints (which I enjoyed very much) and to the new CB monthly.

The Captain Britain series at present is excellent. The plots are original, entertaining and always surprising. The artwork is tidy and yet striking, and always professionally finished. The addition of many new characters to CB is always a welcome sight, they are so unusual and handled so well. I have always liked to see unusual 'alien' teams in comics, and CB has certainly provided them with the likes of the Special Executive, the Crazy Gang and Gatecrasher and her Technet. The visual interpretation of each character has obviously taken a long time to perfect.

My one criticism is that you tend to keep their names and abilities from the reader. For instance, only seven of the eleven members of the Special Executive were ever named, only half the Technet, and none of the Crazy Gang. Could you please rectify this situation in future issues?

Thanks for listening, and keep up the good work, Ian Gowlard, Newbury.

In the interests of letting a story flow, it's not always possible to introduce all of the characters straight away. Gatecrasher and Technet will be around for some time to come and you'll get to know the members and their abilities in future stories. As for the Crazy Gang, they are: Coco (the clown character), the Jack of Hearts, the Queen of Hearts and the Executioner. As for the little monster, Slaymaster summed him up very accurately as 'the small disgusting one'. Says it all, really!

Dear All,

I have a bit of praising and, sadly, a bit of criticism to make. I think that the back-up stories are, well, not superb. Things like City tend to be a bit boring at times. Space Thieves started out as a real bop but has got much better. Abslom Daak - hmmm, well I think I'll give that one a miss. Night Raven on the other hand is very good, though, brilliant even.

And speaking of the Captain, I'd just like to say that he beats any other super hero hands down. The stories are fantastic and I've never seen better artwork. Not too sure about Brian Braddock and family being aliens, though! I, like my friends, feel that there should be more, much more, of Captain Britain's strip. After all, the title of the comic is Captain Britain.

But on the whole I think you're doing a great job with this superb monthly. Now for question time: 1) Where did Megan come from? 2) What is the Jaspers' War? 3) What planet did Brian's dad come from? Damian Spencer, Orpington, Kent.

More of Captain Britain would be the perfect reply to your back-up strip criticisms. Damian. There are physical limits to what creators can produce in a month, though, and at the moment, there's no possibility of lengthening the Captain's strip. Now for answer time: 1) Last issue's story should have answered all your questions as regards Megan's origin. 2) A twisting and warping of the very fabric of reality, courtesy of the mad, and extremely powerful, Jim Jaspers (circa MWOM 11). 3) Otherworld, home of Merlin (deceased) and his daughter, Roma.

Dear All,

Ha! Just when I thought it was safe to go back into the newsagents - Captain Britain 7 arrives. One look at that Alan Davis cover told me all - malevolent computer captures CB and transforms him into a grey haired, aged city gent. Thankfully, that illustration was delightfully misleading. Mastermind seemed to pose little threat at all (emphasis on 'seemed'), indeed, he appeared positively helpful in tying up some of the loose ends concerning Brian and Betsy's parents.

Characterisation is running from strength to strength at the moment, what with Betsy's rejection of Brian's support after her ordeal last issue, Brian's rejection of Mastermind, and Megan's fear of rejection from everyone else. It's particularly interesting to see a super hero turning to drink to help forget his problems. As Terry Stock said on the letters page, the bloke's 'scared of what lies around the next corner and smother his fear in...' a bottle of whisky in this case. That view of him sitting on the roof-top, booze in hand, said it all really. Mind you, did you see the way he flew from that roof-top in a perfect straight line? He'll never lose his pilot's licence, that's for sure.

And just when I'd forgotten all about Captain UK - enter Linda McQuillan, who blows her cover almost immediately. Congratulations must go to the RCX here, who hit upon a novel way of exposing her identity. Why did this Lane ever think of something like this? Then again, if you got the wrong person I suppose the results could be rather messy. Especially with an iron crowbar!

Eddie (brain transplant imminent) Mad-dock, Twickenham.

STEVE ENGLEHART CROSSOVER!

Arriving on these fair shores at the end of August will be Marvel US writer, Steve Englehart. Although over here for a welcome break, Steve will be taking time out to meet fans and sign copies of his work.

Long time Marvel fans will remember Steve's early work for Marvel, which included runs on *Captain America*, *The Avengers*, and *Doctor Strange*, to mention but a few. Now, after a spell as novelist and computer game designer, Steve has returned to Marvel and is currently hard at work scripting the *West Coast Avengers*, the *Vision and Scarlet Witch* limited series, and an upcoming *Silver Surfer* limited series. Steve also created and writes *Coyote for Hire* comic.

If you'd like to meet Steve, he'll be at The Place, Wolverhampton's new comic shop, at 11 o'clock on Saturday, August 31st. The Place's address is 11 Worcester Street, Wolverhampton.

*Date correct at time of going to press.

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SPACE THIEVE

HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE PLANET ZART, TAKING WITH THEM THE FAMOUS ZART IMPERIAL JEWELS (BY DINT OF SUPERS PLANNING AND RUTHLESS VIOLENCE), OUR INTREPID GROUP HAS BEEN OVERRUN BY A ZART CRUISER.

CAPTAIN HARDING, AS A MASTER STRATEGIST, HAS ENGINEERED THE ESCAPE OF THE REST OF THE CREW AND GIVEN HIMSELF UP, CONFUSING THE ZARTS INTO KILLING ONE ANOTHER.

MASTER MICK IS MAKING GOOD PROGRESS...

THE COMPANIO-BOT, RUIB, CHARTS THE PROGRESS OF ANOTHER SPACE THIEF, UNAWARE OF WATCHING EYES...

SCRIPT
ART DAVE HARPER
BARBARA MITSON
JOHN STONES
LETTERS STARKING
EDITOR IAN RIMMER

... AND ITCHY FINGERS ...

MADAM ...
WHVP

I HAD TO
CHECK IF THIS
ANTI-PERSONNEL
THERMAL DE-
STABILIZER I
FOUND WORKS.

AND
GUESS
WHAT...

MEANWHILE, MASTER MICK
HAS STOPPED MAKING
GOOD PROGRESS...



AS A FOUNDER MEMBER
OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST
RUTHLESS TYRANNY SECT,
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE
TO SAY THIS, BUT...



...I'M LOST!



STILL, AT LEAST
I DON'T HAVE THE
FEELING THAT SOME-
ONE IS WATCHING
ME...



NAT! LUCINDA!

HARDING?



NEXT TIME I CONDUCT
A PERSONAL ANALYSIS
AND GROWTH ASSESS-
MENT, I MUST ASK MY-
SELF... IS THIS REALLY
THE WAY TO RUN A
REVOLUTION?



COULD THIS BE...



...THE DEATH OF
AN ANARCHIST?



NAT!
YOU GLOP-HEAD!
YOU DID THAT TO
ME ON ZAC-14...

YEAH, BUT
YOU JUMPED
HIGHER THIS
TIME!

MADAM, ARE WE NOT
IN ENOUGH TROUBLE
ALREADY WITHOUT YOU
GETTING TRIGGER-HAPPY?

THANKS BE TO THE
PLANETS THAT IT WASN'T
ONE OF MY OTHER LEGS OR
I WOULD HAVE BEEN
TOTALLY INCAPACITATED.

SO WHAT'S
THE PROBLEM-
YOU CAN STILL
GET AROUND.
CAN'T YOU?

ARE
THESE
THE FUEL
THINGS?

YOU CAN OPERATE WITH
ONLY ONE HONEY, I DO
NOT, HOWEVER, ATTEMPT
TO REMOVE YOUR OTHER
ONE.

YES, FUEL.
AND THE
WORD IS
SURGE,
MADAM.

WELL, THIS
ONE SAYS
FULL!

AND STOP
MOANING-ROBOTS
AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO MOAN-OR
FEEL PAIN...

MADAM, I MAY BE
'INANIMATE' BUT THE
TRAUMA CAUSED BY
SUCH A SEVERE SHORT
CIRCUIT CAN CAUSE A
POWER SURGE...

NEVER MIND THE
IRRELEVANCE
IS THERE ANY
FUEL?

OOOPS! THAT, MADAM,
IS NOT IRRELEVANT.

YES-THERE IS FUEL. HARDING
FORGOT THE EMERGENCY TANK,
WHICH MEANS THAT HIS SCOPE
FOR IRRELEVANCY IS AS GREAT AS
YOUR OWN.

DON'T EVER ASSOCIATE
ME WITH THAT BABBLING
DRONGO AGAIN OR YOU'LL
BE MISSING MORE THAN
JUST A LEG!

WHAT COULD I
POSSIBLY HAVE IN
COMMON WITH
THAT MELON HEAD?

WELL, HAVE YOU
EVER BEEN TO
ZAC 34 P

QUIET A MINUTE -
I'M NOT SURE IF THIS
IS AN I.Q. TEST OR
A COMMUNICATOR BUT
IT SEEMS TO BE
WORKING...

RUIB - IS THAT
YOU? COME IN
ANYBODY...
EXCEPT HARDING...

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, HARDING WAS COMING IN FOR A LECTURE FROM MOB BOSS M'CAPONE, LUCINDA'S FATHER...

AMAZING, ISN'T IT? YOU TRY TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT FOR YOUR KIDS AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS...

WHERE DID I GO WRONG, EH? I ONLY WANTED THE BEST FOR HER...

ONLY WANTED HER TO HAVE ALL THE THINGS I NEVER HAD, BECAUSE WHEN I WAS A KID, I HAD IT TOUGH - I HAD TO FIGHT MY WAY UP FROM THE GUTTER...

"I GAINED RESPECT BY BEING HARD - HARD, BUT FAIR..."

"I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE..."

"... GOT MYSELF A POSITION ON THE STOCK MARKET, HONED MY BUSINESS ACUMEN..."

"YEARS OF HARD GRAFT AND SOME SHREWD TAKE-OVER BIDS HAVE GOT ME WHERE I AM TODAY..."

"A RESPECTED INDUSTRIALIST SPECIALISING IN INDIRECT TAXATION."

AND THEN YOU COME ALONG. YOU SUBVERT MY DAUGHTER. COST ME A 30,000,000 MEGA-CREDIT TAX DEAL AND NEARLY WIPE OUT A PLANET.

BEFORE I HAVE YOU KILLED, TELL ME - WHAT MAKES YOU TICK?

HOLY GOSH, BATMAN - I'M REALLY SORRY!

MEANWHILE, THE SPACE THIEVES HAVE PASSED THE COMMUNICATOR I.Q. TEST...

HEY, LU! - GUESS WHAT I DID TO MICK...!

BET IT WASN'T AS GOOD AS WHAT I DID TO RUIB!

WHO DID WHAT TO WHOM WILL PRESENTLY BE IRRELEVANT. NOW THAT WE KNOW THE SHIP HAS FUEL, WE MUST RESCUE HARDING.

WHY DO WE NEED THAT INCOMPETENT WIMP?

BECAUSE, MADAM, HE IS THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO CAN FLY THIS SHIP TO ITS FULL POTENTIAL, HE KNOWS THIS SECTOR... AND ANYWAY...

HE'S GOT THE JEWELS.

I THINK YOU CAN LET GO NOW, SIR. I HAVE ACCLIMATIZED TO TWO LESS NOW...

COULDN'T WE JUST GET THE JEWELS, GO TO THE PLEASURE PLANET GRIPNYROW AND LOSE THE DRIP ON THE WAY?

GRIPNYROW? I THOUGHT THE MONEY WAS TO FINANCE YOUR REVOLUTION?

SO EVEN ANARCHISTS NEED A HOLIDAY.

SHHH... LISTEN - THAT SOUNDS LIKE...

DADDY!

LUCINDA:
JUST YOU COME
HERE, MY GIRL - I
WANT TO GIVE YOU
A PIECE OF MY
MIND!

ARE YOU SURE
YOU CAN SPARE
ANY OF IT, DADDY
DEAR?

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
MY GIRL...

Nat - while everyone's
watching the family
reunion...

...I'll take
care of the
loot...

RU!B!

IT'S ME, LUCINDA,
FROM CYBO GIGA.
I'VE COME TO
REPOSSESS YOU.

I'M AFRAID, SIR, THAT
MY PROGRAMMING PUTS
ME AT THE DISPOSAL OF
THE BEING WHO PAYS
FOR MY TIME...

WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE,
ANYWAY? I'M
NOT ONE OF YOUR
PET SLUNKIES TO
BE PUSHED
AROUND.

JUST YOU
WAIT UNTIL YOUR
MOTHER HEARS
OF THIS!

OH -
I GIVE
UP!..

UNFORTUNATELY, YOU
AND HE ARE NOT ONE
AND THE SAME...

Move it with the
charges - reunion's
almost over!..

GIVE HER
MY LOVE, DADDY.
I'M OFF.

UUGH!!

COME ON,
LET'S GO - THE
COMPANY HERE
MAKES ME SICK.

YOU CAN'T DO
THAT TO YOUR
FATHER - HE'S A
HIGHLY RESPECT-
ED BUSINESSMAN!

TRUST YOU
TO FALL FOR ALL
THAT GLOP, HARDY
HE'S A CROOK, A
GANGSTER, A
RACKETEER...

... AND
A LOUSY
FATHER...

YOU MUST COME
WITH ME. I'LL NEVER
GET MY JOB BACK IF I
DON'T RETURN YOU!

YOU ARE WELCOME TO
RETURN MY THIRD LEG,
AS IT HAS UNEXPECTEDLY
BECOME SURPLUS TO MY
REQUIREMENTS. NOW I
MUST BID YOU GOOD -

- GRIEF!

YOU AND YOUR
GOONS BETTER GET
GOING - I'VE PLANTED
CHARGES ALL OVER
THIS ZART CRUISER
WHICH WILL BLOW IN
FIVE MINUTES...

OR EVEN
SOONER IF
YOU TRY
TO STOP
US!

I'LL GET
HER FOR
THAT...

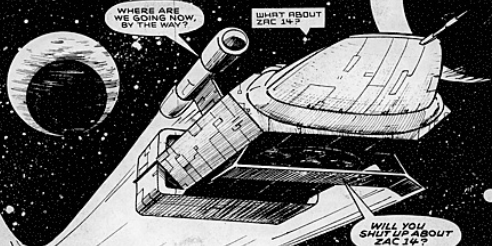
SHOULD
WE TAKE 'EM
OUT NOW,
SIR?

AND GET
BLOWN UP OUR-
SELVES?!? NO -

LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE - BRING
THE PIPSQUEAK
FROM CYBO-GIGA.

SHE TAKES
AFTER HER
MOTHER
YOU KNOW.

SHORTLY, BACK ON BOARD
HARDING'S CRAFT...

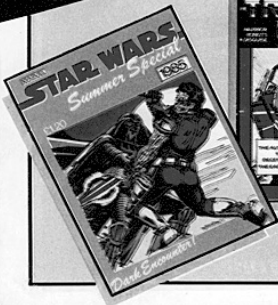


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